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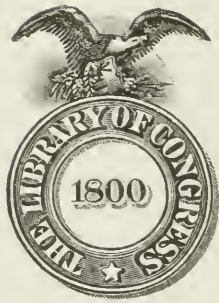
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FUNERAL SERMON

ON THE DEATH OF THE LATE

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PRESIDENT LINCOLN,

Lincolnians

Delivered at the Capitol in Omaha, N. T.,

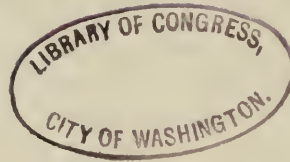
WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19TH, 1865.

BY THE

REV. F. M. DIMMICK,

PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, April 20th, 1865.

REV. F. M. DIMMICK, *Dear Sir*:—I enclose to you the following communication, numerously signed by your fellow citizens, requesting a copy of your funeral sermon, delivered on the 19th inst., for publication. Hoping that you will return a favorable reply at your earliest convenience,

I remain yours, truly,

R. S. KNOX.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA, April 20th, 1865.

REV. F. M. DIMMICK, *Dear Sir*:—We, the undersigned, citizens of Omaha, feeling that it is due to the great solemnity of the occasion, and to the sad bereavement which has caused our community to mourn as one people; and believing it would be gratifying to our fellow citizens here and elsewhere, in the Territory, to know what was expressed by you in your funeral discourse delivered on the 19th inst., commemorating the private and public life of a beloved President, assassinated, would most respectfully request of you, a copy of that discourse for publication.

Yours, very respectfully,

Rev. T. B. LEMON,	N. P. ISAACS,
Rev. H. W. KUHNS,	THOS. MARTIN,
Rev. WM. M. SMITH,	JOHN H. BRACKEN,
GEO. R. SMITH,	C. H. DOWNS,
DAN'L GANTT,	MILTON ROGERS,
JOHN RITCHIE,	ALBERT TUCKER,
A. KOUNTZE,	JOHN McCORMICK,
F. DOUTHITT,	FERDINAND BUNN,
L. J. KENNARD,	GEO. B. LAKE,
P. HUGUS,	E. ESTABROOK,
W. H. LAWTON,	JAMES FORSYTH,
O. P. HURFORD,	R. S. KNOX.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA TERRITORY, April 21, 1865.

R. S. KNOX, Esq., *My Dear Sir*:—Your communication of yesterday, enclosing quite a general request on the part of the citizens of this place, for a copy of my sermon on the funeral occasion of President Lincoln, for the press, is before me.—The discourse was prepared in great haste, without any thought of publication. But if my fellow citizens deem it fitted to further, in the least, the great cause of truth and righteousness, it is entirely at their disposal.

Believe me most truly yours,

F. M. DIMMICK.

FUNERAL SERMON.

“ Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?”
11 Samuel, 3, 38.

This was the exclamation of king David on the death of Abner.— Joab had treacherously sent for Abner, of whom he was jealous, and under the pretext of a private conference with him, at the gate of the city in Hebron, he slew him. Like a coward and a villain, under the color of a friendly interview, he rose up against Abner and assassinated him. And as in the case of the first murder on the records of time, the better man is killed and the assassin lives. So to-day we are called to write one of the darkest pages of our nation's history. To-day we can exclaim, in the language of the anointed king of Israel, on the death of Saul and Jonathan: “ How are the mighty fallen !” The chief executive of a great nation—the head—the father—of thirty millions of people, has been stricken down by the hand of the assassin ! A nation is called, to-day, to mourn its loss.

“ When the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice :” but when a good man dies the hearts of the people are sad. When Moses died the children of Israel wept and mourned for him, in the plains of Moab, thirty days.

That the death of great and useful men should be particularly noticed, is equally the dictate of reason and revelation. But neither examples nor arguments are necessary to awaken the sympathies of a grateful people on such occasions. The death of public benefactors surcharges the heart, and it naturally and spontaneously disburdens itself in a flow of sorrows.

To go back only a few years,—such was the death of President Harrison and of President Taylor. But such, also, and more peculiarly so, is the death of PRESIDENT LINCOLN. The tidings of the former moved us—saddened our hearts—and the nation was in tears. But the account of the latter, blighted our joys, chilled for a time our hopes, and curdled our blood! The former died in a good old age, the latter was cut off in the midst of his years and his usefulness. The former was a customary Providence—they died at home a natural death, surrounded by their families and their friends; and we saw in it the hand of God, and bowed submissively to His sovereign pleasure. The latter is not attended with these soothing circumstances; though permitted in the deep, mysterious providences of the great Disposer of events, still, humanly speaking, we see little yet, but the fiendish malice and hand of the assassin.

His fall owes its existence to the same spirit which has robbed us of tens of thousands of our noblest born in this terrible conflict. It is marked by violence, and is the work of mad deliberation. The time, the place, the circumstances, are arranged with satanic ingenuity and barbarous coolness. The deadly weapon is fired in an hour of quiet, and in an unexpected moment, whilst surrounded by friends. And the event has proven that it was too well directed. It is the natural fruit of that envenomed upas tree, which has poisoned and dried up the life blood of society, and which, so help us God, shall speedily be hewn down, and dug up, root and branch!

O, how sad it is that our beloved, our good, our true-hearted President should die thus! Humiliating end of illustrious greatness. “How are the mighty fallen!” And shall the mighty still fall thus? Shall the noblest lives be sacrificed, and the best blood shed by the hand of the assassin? O “Tell it not in Gath: publish it not in the streets of Askalon; lest the daughters of the Philistines—our enemies—rejoice:” lest the hosts of darkness shout in their fiendish triumph!

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, whose death we deeply mourn to-day, was born in Kentucky, and while yet a boy, his father migrated to Illinois; and there in a new country, amid the hardships and privations incident to a pioneer life, he had his early training. There he learned many lessons from the rough side of nature; and there he acquired that habit of thorough investigation and self-reliance which has been a peculiar characteristic of his public life. He was elected to the State Legislature, and to Congress, and showed himself, especially, in his political contest with Stephen A. Douglas, an honest man, a true-hearted patriot, and a statesman of no-common ability, no ordinary logical power and

acumen, and a political opponent, wielding the great sledge hammer of truth and right, against whose blows no public aspirant or competitor could make successful headway. In the autumn of the year 1860 he was the people's choice for the highest position in the nation. With his subsequent history, your are all familiar. How, for four long years, he stood patiently at the helm of our great ship of state, amid the fury of the storm, and steadied her course, and headed her onward, whilst the fierce breakers rose on every side, threatening destruction to all we hold dear and sacred. Again, by the voice of the people he was placed at the head of the nation, that he might see us, with flowing sails, and favoring breezes, in the still waters, *beyond* the breakers and the storm. And last Friday, the 14th day of April, as we were fast entering the clear deep sea with its cheering sky—just four years after the bloody inauguration of the Slaveholder's Rebellion by the firing on Fort Sumter—the very day, that old flag we love, which had been dishonored and trailed in the dust by the hands of perjured traitors, was to be re-unfurled by the same Major Anderson, (now Major General) who then carried it away to save it from further insult and shame—the very day it was to be again cast to the breeze over that deeply scarred fort—our beloved President was struck down by the hand of an assassin: one, embodying the spirit, and carrying out the designs of that same rebel power. Fit sequel to this long quadrennial storm of treason, malice, revenge and blood! O, how unwise! How inconsiderate, how impolitic! They have killed, they have assassinated, they have murdered their best and their truest friend!

O, how true that the mysterious roll of human destiny, written in Heaven, but slowly unfolded, line after line, by the unerring hand of Time, has many things in reserve, for us all, of which we little dream. And nations, like individuals—we have learned in our history of late—are sometimes shocked by the advent of calamities and afflictions, as sudden and unlooked for as they are great. No one who has beheld this city, and the cities through the land, during the last few days, can doubt that some great and appalling stroke has fallen on the nation. A great man, indeed, and a *prince*, has fallen in our Israel. The Chief Magistrate of this Republic, to whom his loyal fellow citizens, had the second time, almost unanimously confided the high executive duties of the country, has been suddenly taken from us by violence. Ripe in honors, and in the full possession of health, and with the promise of many years more of faithful and patriotic services before him, he was treacherously assassinated. The Commander-in-Chief of all our armies,

and the statesman occupying as proud a position as this world offers to human hopes, has been struck down in a crisis which demanded all his firmness and all his wisdom. And in that sad hour, as his family and his friends stood around him, they could well exclaim :

“Can this be death?—then what is life or death?
 “Speak!”—but he spoke not: “wake!” but still he slept.
 But yesterday, and who had mightier breath?
 Ten thousand warriors by his word were kept
 In awe; he said, as the Centurion saith,
 “Go,” and he goeth: “Come,” and forth he stepped.
 The trump and bugle, till he spake, were dumb;
 And now naught left him but the muffled drum.”

For the third time since the formation of this Government, a President of the United States has been stricken down by death, in the performance of his great duties. But unlike the others, this comes unexpectedly and violently—in a moment—from a deadly weapon in the hand of an assassin. And this band of fiendish conspirators, not content with that, they at the same time attempt the life of the chief counsellor of the President—the Secretary of State. There is evidence, they designed to assassinate all the chief officers of the nation, that thereby they might palsy the arm of the Government, and hurl us at once from the height, the majesty, and the order of our march, into confusion and anarchy. God be praised that He has kept us from the depths of such a calamity! Still, the blow which struck the man in Washington, falls heavily upon a nation's heart; and the words of saddened praise uttered to-day are but the echoes of the thoughts that throng in the hearts of the millions that mourn him everywhere, where there are true and loyal people.

Death is at all times a solemn event; it touches both time and eternity: it terminates a physical existence, it opens a spiritual and an immortal one; it closes the earthly life, it introduces the christian to the heavenly. But this death, the solemn obsequies of which, we celebrate to-day, strikes the nation and the world with more than common sorrow and solemnity. We mingle our tears with those of the whole country, over the bier of the Chief Magistrate of a great nation, cut down in the midst of his years, by the enemies not only of our common country, but of humanity itself. And though we mourn his untimely end, yet we will ever cherish and honor his memory, and claim his fame for his whole country. Henceforth his history belongs not to this nation alone but the whole sisterhood of nations: and his name has

become a part of our common inheritance. His memory is now safe—no human events will ever more affect it; the great qualities, the private virtues, the public services—all that is precious in his memory, has received the *SEAL of death*. And

“The love where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow.”

The secret of this illustrious man’s strength and greatness, lay in his being honest and true, as well as intelligent and eloquent. That is, it lay in his being *right hearted* as well as right minded.

He might have possessed the same clearness of judgment, in discerning any practicable or desirable end, the same determination of purpose in adhering to his maturely adopted plan for working it out, and yet been as false and treacherous as Jefferson Davis, or the Arch Fiend himself, the first of traitors. Would these things alone, then, have made him what the loyal people of this nation have so universally called him? Never! We have learned during this rebellion that a man may see very clearly a *bad* end, and work with astonishing vigor and perseverance to accomplish that end. Such a man then cannot be truly great—can never be really strong. It is true, that without these more active qualities, mere rectitude of intention and goodness of heart might constitute a good man, but not a great man. And yet in these very elements of goodness lie the essential elements of greatness. The working powers of energy and will, are of no avail toward true and perfect manhood, without the truer material of greatness—that is, *reliability*. If a man has not that, (which is really honesty and goodness) who will trust him? Though he had the energy and the intelligence of Lucifer, who would let him work with them, or for them? And I ask where is that reliability to be sought? In the fickle changes of a man’s self interest, in the declared submission to public opinion and popular will, so that a man is perpetually looking without, and never within for his rule of right and of action? No! To give real body and strength to human character, there must be the strong mind indeed; but, it must be the strong mind acting harmoniously and responsively to the teachings of the right heart. “If the eye be *single* then shall the whole body be full of light.” Power alone is not greatness—goodness alone is not greatness. But goodness *and* power, united so as to be *one and inseparable*—that constitutes true greatness. And the people of this land saw it there, united two in one in the person of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and therefore they have called him great. And

we can truly say to-day, that it was an honor to this people to have seen him *as* they did, and to have placed him, once and again, *where* they did.

How important then that a man's heart should be right; for if your hearts condemn you, know indeed, that God is greater than your hearts, and will more fully condemn you. We are apt to forget the great fact, that in the revelations of christianity, judgment is not a thing which is to come, but is now: that we are actually in the kingdom of the Great Judge, the God-man, who is near to us, and we near to Him. He near with his supplies of grace to help in every time of need—near, knowing from his human experience what man can do, as well as what he ought to do, knowing from His divine omniscience every thought and intent of the heart. It is not then, a remote Judge, and a remote judgment, with which we have to do, but one at hand. The final judgment of the great day is, in fact, only the sentence educed by the *sum* of those judgments which have gone up day by day from the thoughts, and words, and works of each individual. How sad and fatal it is, then, that professing christians should suffer questions of expediency or policy or the opinions of men, to take the place of this simple accountability of the christian conscience to the great christian Judge. And how doubly sad that teachers in the church of Christ should cater to popular favor and popular opinion.

Seeing then, that we so easily fall into practical forgetfulness of the great judgement which ever standeth at the door of conscience, whose final awards we shall all assuredly meet, it is the business of reasonable men—it is the solemn duty of responsible christian men—to see to it that they are following the voice of God—that their feet are ever in the path of truth, and duty, and holiness; and that whenever in God's providence, any event occurs which teaches a great lesson on this very subject, they study it devoutly and reverently. "It is the purpose of God, in troubling the still waters of common life, that we should notice the descent of the angel, and gather health and spiritual strength from the disturbed elements." Such a visitation has now been made.

The hand, that guides unseen the arrow of the archer through the joints of the harness, steadied and directed the hand of the assassin in the private box of the President in Ford's Theatre in Washington, last Friday evening. God was only doing, and *suffering to be done*, in the sudden removal of this distinguished person by the hand of violence, what he was just as really doing for him, and with him, every moment of his previous existence. Before he came to that great office, and at every instant of that momentous period of his life whilst he filled it, up

to the very time when the great Judge of all the earth gave visible manifestations of his presence, and of what he had never ceased to do—it was no more true that he had then gone to his account, and that his great Judge will one day pronounce his final award, than, that every day he lived, he was going to it—the great Judge, though unseen, just as near to him, and the account continually going on, and the award being made. This is true of every human being; but its great and startling truth is unquestionably brought more nearly home to us when we have before us some noted instance like the present. A man whom we loved, and who seemed like a dear friend and loving father to us, cut off without a moment's warning in the midst of life, and surrounded only, he supposed, by friends. Wherever he was in life, and in whatever sphere he moved, the friendless had a friend, the fatherless, a father, and the poor man, though unable to reward his kindness, found an advocate. For he was a *counsellor* whose talents were employed on the side of truth and righteousness; whose voice, whether at the bar of justice, or in the halls of legislation, or in the council chamber at the White House was virtues' consolation; and at the sound of which, oppressed humanity felt a secret rapture, the advocates of truth received a gladdening impulse, and the heart of injured innocence leaped for joy! It was when the rich oppressed the poor—when the powerful menaced the defenceless—when truth was disregarded, or the eternal principles of justice violated—it was on such occasions as these, that he put forth all his strength. He was a *patriot* whose manly virtues never shaped themselves to circumstances, and whose integrity baffled the scrutiny of his bitterest enemies. He always stood amid the varying tides of party, firm, like the rock far out from land, lifting its majestic head above the waters, and remaining unshaken by the many storms and waves which dash and beat upon it. And he was a *friend* who knew no guile, whose heart was transparent; down deep in which, we could see fully rooted every tender and sympathetic virtue. And he was a *man* whose various worth even opposing parties acknowledged while alive, and now that he is dead, that he has been so ruthlessly torn from us, I trust, with sincere grief and sympathy they will unite to heap their honors and praises upon his memory.

His life was characterized by a high sense of duty—by a steady purpose to do what he believed to be right, at all times, and in all places. And in the performance of duty, nothing could move him—he marched directly and boldly upon the road where that called him; and he kept

his faith with all men. You might dissent from his opinions—you might find fault with his judgment, but not with his integrity, for when he took his position after mature deliberation he kept it:—his sense of duty sustained him, and opposition only served to make him the more steadfast in holding it.

Suppose that more than four years ago, as he was leaving Springfield, Ill., the future records of time in the history of his country had remained unknown to him, whilst a message from God had revealed the hour of his death;—Suppose he had heard the voice of God saying: “I have brought you to this great office, and in the full career of its duties and whilst the burden of saving the nation is resting upon you, you shall die.” It is not for any human being to say whether it would have changed or modified any of the acts of his presidential career; and perhaps I cannot pay him a higher tribute of praise, or so fully express my individual estimation of his character than to declare my strong personal impression that it would not. I fully believe that every act of his official life was done under the sense of personal and official responsibility.

Such a revelation would surely have given an awful solemnity to every decision—it would have suffered no veil to interpose to conceal motives, and no conflict or combination of interests to modify the one great purpose, or to repress the abiding conviction. Aye, to repress the conviction “I am making up my own judgment, even my eternal judgment—and the judgment of man is nothing to me, except as it responds to the judgment of my conscience and my God. I must do my work—the messenger stands at the door and is knocking—the eternal Judge is there—the grave is waiting—it is *my* work which is to be done, which demands my time, my attention—and the instruments I use to do it, must not be those which others like best, but such as I believe will do the work most faithfully.”

Well, my hearers, we all have a kindred revelation—not indeed of the hour of death, but of the hour of judgment. It is a judgment not of years in perspective, but in the awful present. The eternal *now* is judging us *now*. It is true we know not the hour of death—it is not revealed; but come when it will, it comes not as the hour of judgment, but as the hour which tells us that all judgment is at an end—the balance struck, the account made up, the recording angel’s duty with regard to us ended. No more good works of faith and prayer, and repentance and holiness! The blood of the everlasting covenant has sealed the soul for its final passage in the great inventory! That blood which tells that it has *paid* the debt, or *doubled* it.

And as for that hour of death, we are not indeed told that it shall come this year, or next, or thereafter; still we are assured that it shall come some time, and it may come suddenly and unexpectedly. And there is not a day we live, that we are not told it by God's providence, which usually moves men's minds much more than his revelation. But if we indeed knew just the *when*, it would make us serious and thoughtful; and the great business of life would be to make ready for that hour. A warning voice comes to-day from our nation's Capitol; and the providence of God speaks to us thence: "Be ye also ready, for in an hour ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." The *providence* of God? Yes, the providence of God. For there is no event however great or small, which is not under his direction and his control. He so orders and directs even the wrath of man, as to make it praise him, by hastening the great cause of truth and righteousness he has in the earth.

At first we were startled and stupefied by the great crime which has brought us together to-day; and could hardly reconcile ourselves to the thought that the righteous and all wise Ruler of the nations, and Disposer of events, should suffer the hand of the assassin to rob us thus, of so indispensable a leader; and we thought our loss irreparable, and called it a great national *calamity*. But reflection led us rather to use the term, our great national *affliction*. For be assured God will thwart the designs of the wicked, will make them drink to the very dregs the cup they would press to the lips of others, and in the end bring good out of this terrible bereavement. Perhaps we were becoming too much elated and self-confident in view of our military successes and triumphs, placing too much confidence in our leader, and were raising men into the place of God, and forgetting that he alone giveth us the victory—that it is his hand which rules the world and is guiding this nation amid the maddened elements which threatened its life. If we will now improve this afflictive dispensation of Almighty God to purposes at once salutary and beneficial to the great interests of the country—if we can feel that in this sudden and violent death of our patriot chieftain in the vigor of life, and in the full enjoyment of the highest honors—if we can feel the solemnity of this sudden call of an individual so esteemed, so illustrious, so surrounded with all that could contribute to the greatness of man—if we can truly appreciate the lesson which such an unexpected dispensation is calculated to impart, then results the most beneficial to our country, and to ourselves, may flow from it. If it teach us to realize the comparative insignificance and weakness of man, and the littleness of all sublunary things—if it enable us to see more clearly

that this transitory life in which are cares, and toils, and conflicts—that this brief period is but a single step in the great series of infinite existence—a mere point, at which man pauses to look around him for a moment, before he launches on eternity's boundless ocean—if we can rightly estimate ourselves, and rightly appreciate the duties which devolve upon us, we shall then indeed have extracted from this melancholy event some of the lessons, beneficent and salutary, which, in the deep mysteries of an overruling Providence it was designed to impart.

And although God from his eternal throne may not behold a nobler object on his footstool, than the man who loves his enemies, pities their errors, and forgives the injuries they do him, and is ready to overlook their crimes; yet he intends the *Magistrate*, as his servant, and the minister of law, to inflict its penalties, to bear not the sword in vain, and thereby become a terror to *evil* doers. And although the indomitable courage of ABRAHAM LINCOLN,—his unimpeachable honesty,—his Spartan simplicity and sagacity,—his frankness, kindness, moderation, and magnanimity,—his fidelity,—his generosity, and humanity to his enemies—the purity of his private life—the patriotism of his public principles,—will never cease to be cherished in the grateful remembrance of all just men, and all loyal and true hearted Americans; still the very fact that he was human, would lead us to expect him to err—but it was always through kindness of heart, on the side of virtue and compassion. As the Chief Magistrate of a great nation, has he not ever been *too lenient* to rebels and assassins seeking the overthrow and the very life of that nation? In his last public act, on the very day of his assassination, with the heads of the various departments around him, the telegrams tell us, he spoke *very kindly* of the chief of rebels who had handled the hosts of treason and sustained their power, and slaughtered by thousands our sons, our brothers, and our fathers, carrying mourning and lamentation to almost every fireside through the land, and guilty of the highest crime known among nations. And was there no danger in the *clemency* of his *great heart*, that the highest crime in the statutes of our country would go unredressed and unatoned? Were those, who had made it the policy of the government, they were attempting to establish at the sacrifice of ours, to murder in cold blood our soldiers, and inhumanly starve them to death in marshy stockades and loathsome dungeons, by the tens of thousands, to go unwhipped of justice? Why the very humanity within us cries out, that it is meet that those who commit enormous crimes, should be visited with commensurate punishment! It is the voice of our moral nature! It is an expression of

sympathy in the well being of society and the race. It is the only protection of government and of life; and nothing will calm the perturbation of our moral nature—of the principle of justice within us in view of such heaven defying crimes, but the infliction of a corresponding penalty. LAW, with its rigorous sanctions, is a chief instrument in moral reformation; and is one of the main elements in the means which both God and man must employ in meliorating the state of society, and in keeping order in the world.

May we not here, then, find another reason why, He who ruleth among the nations, should suffer the bloody hand of the assassin to rob us of our beloved President? As I before remarked, they have murdered their best friend. Already we hear a different sound emanating from our new Commander-in-Chief of the American armies! It sounds more like holding a tighter rein upon the principal abettors of treason and blood. It comes from one who has seen the wake of desolation, and heard the wail of sorrow and suffering it has wrought,—from one against whom its mad waves have long beaten, and who knows more of the spirit and the character it has ever manifested. And he is one we trust and pray who will do right, and whom God has trained, and fitted, and raised up for this very emergency.

Let these thoughts, whilst they suggest some reasons why God, in his allwise providence should suffer the hands of the wicked to involve us in so great and so sad a national bereavement, do not dissipate the sorrows we feel, nor the sympathy we express for an afflicted family and a mourning people.

We *loved* this fallen chieftain and prince of our Israel; and we bear testimony to his untiring and patriotic efforts to restore the peace of our country by the supremacy of its laws. He has borne his honors meekly but firmly, and ever been clear in his great office.

But he has gone now;—he has gone,—yet we may be sure, although we have him no longer for a guide and leader, that there is still that omniscient and infinite Power above us, exercising that controlling and parental care, which has marked our progress all along through this terrible quadrennial conflict. I believe the great Governor of nations has, in a great measure, supplied the place of the departed, in our government; and that the kind, beneficent and favoring presence of Almighty God will still be with us, and that we shall still be borne along triumphantly in the march of nations, and borne onward and upward by the hand of his ever sustaining Providence.

It is true PRESIDENT LINCOLN is dead, and a great nation to-day mourns its loss; but the God of Abraham Lincoln still lives, and they can never assassinate him! We are safe in his keeping. The great cause of truth, of freedom and of righteousness is not lost, but only another name added to the catalogue of its martyrs.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, we trust has entered into his *rest*—that rest which remaineth for the people of God. O what a blessed thought, amid our cares, and trials, and disappointments—and especially when wickedness and crime stalk through the land—that there is a place where there is no care, no sickness, no crime, no death!

“Were this frail world our final rest,
 Living or dying, none were blest.
 Beyond the flight of time,
 Beyond the reign of death,
 There surely is some blessed clime,
 Where life is not a breath;
 Nor life’s affections, transient fire,
 Whose sparks fly upward and expire.”

Our late President died a *christian*; though he received the fatal wound, neither in a *christian place*, nor in a *christian assembly*. When he left Springfield, more than four years ago, he was not a *christian*. He indeed felt the great responsibility of his position, and the weakness of mortal man, and therefore requested God’s praying children to remember him at the throne of grace. Subsequently God visited him by removing from his tender embrace a darling child. In his bereavement he felt the need of God’s presence and consolation to sustain him, but still found not the Saviour in his peace speaking favor and love. But nearly two years ago, as he went out to the battle field at Gettysburg, strown with the wreck of conflict, and covered with the wounded and the dying—there saw the holocausts of a nation’s offering on the altar of liberty, and beheld how the *christian soldier* could cheerfully lie wounded and bleeding in his country’s cause, and would readily give his life, and a thousand lives, if he had so many to give, for the land he loved,—he then thought how little he had given to that Saviour, who had done so much for him, who had even given his life for him, and kept him by his mighty power, and raised him to the illustrious position he then occupied; and therefore, then and there, he resolved to be a *christian* and to give himself at once to the Great Redeemer of men; and he did so. There he learned to love Jesus, and found peace in believing. O blessed sight, which filled heaven with rejoicing! A great man, the leader of a mighty people bows mildly to the sceptre of Jesus.

And now this great man and prince in our Israel has fallen! A week ago, and he was the pride and the ornament of his country. He stood on an eminence, and glory and honor covered him. From that lofty eminence he has fallen—suddenly and forever fallen. His intercourse with this living, moving, breathing world is now ended; and hereafter those who would find him, must seek him in the grave. There cold and lifeless will be the heart, which so recently throbbed in friendship and love. There dim and sightless will be the eye, which so recently beamed with intelligence, and there closed forever those lips which so often gave utterance to thoughts that glow and words that burn.

It is *religion*, however, that sheds the greatest glory on his character and his name. It is the only inheritance he has taken with him to the skies. It is all which can be enrolled of him among the archives of eternity. It is all which can make his name great in heaven.

My hearers, death may come to you suddenly and unexpectedly as it did to him. Will it find you ready, and with your christian armor on? Go like him, and learn to love Jesus, and then it matters but little how and when he calls you hence. You are again reminded of the uncertainty of life, as to-day the mournful pageantry at Washington is reflected through the land, for this great man who has fallen by the desolating hand of a violent death; and every loyal heart is sad, for we shall see him no more here—no more on this side of eternity.

“His triumphs are o’er—he’s gone to his rest,
 To the throne of his Maker, the home of the blest.
 How peaceful and calm he now rests on his bier!
 Each heart droops in sadness, each eye sheds a tear.
 The hero, the statesman, his journey is done,
 All his cares now are over, his last battle won;
 Now sweetly he rests from his sorrows and fears,
 And leaves a proud nation in sadness and tears.”

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